

Scena Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphus, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted faile
Is scattered and dis-join'd from fellowship:
Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

Fra. What can goe well, when we have runne so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur taken prisoner? diuers deere friends slaine?
And bloody England into England gone,
Ore-bearing interruption spight of France?

Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such aduice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. Well could I beare that England had this praise,
So we could finde some patterne of our shame:

Enter Constance.

Look who comes heere? a graue vnto a soule,
Holding th' eternall spirit against her will,
In the vilde prison of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo; now now see the issue of your peace.

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle Constance.

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,
But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottenesse,
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring these fingers with thy household wormes,
And stop this gap of breath with fullome dust,
And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smilest,
And blesse thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue,
O come to me.

Fra. O faire affliction, peace.

Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a passion would I shake the world,
And rowle from sleepe that fell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which scornes a moderne Inuocation.

Pand. Lady, you vnder madnesse, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art holy to belye me so,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is Constance, I was Geoffrey's wife,
Yong Arthur is my sonne, and he is lost:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:
O, if I could, what griefe should I forget?
Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall),
For, being not mad, but sensible of griefe,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliuer'd of these woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe:
If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,

Or madly thinke a babe of clowes were he,
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. Binde vp those tresses: O what loue I note,
In the faire multitude of those her haire;
Where but by chance a siluer drop hath fallne,
Euen to that drop ten thousand wery fiends
Doe glew themselves in sociable griefe,
Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To England, if you will.

Fra. Binde vp your haire.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,
As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Because my poore childe is a prisoner.

And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;
For since the birth of Caine, the first male-childe
To him that did but yesterday surspire,
There was not such a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And so hee'll dye: and rising so againe,
When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen
I shall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heyuous a respect of griefe.

Con. He talks to me, that neuer had a sonne.

Fra. You are as fond of griefe, as of your childe.

Con. Griefe fills the roome vp of my absent childe:
Lies in his bed, walks vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembets me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reason to be fond of griefe?
Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my faire sonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure.

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her. Exit.

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull care of a drowisie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitteresse.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Euen in the instant of repaire and health,
The fit is strongest: Evils that take leaue
On their departure, most of all shew euill:
What haue you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. All daies of glory, ioy, and happinesse.

Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.

No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatening eye:
Tis strange to thinke how much King John hath lost
In this which he accounts so clearly wonne.

Actus Quartus, S.

Enter Hubert and Exec.

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot
Within the Arras: when I strike
Vpon the bosome of the ground,
And binde the boy, which you shal
Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: he

Exec. I hope your warrant will

Hub. Vnclely scruples feare

Yong Lad come forth: I haue to

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little Pri

Ar. As little Prince, hauing se

To be more Prince, as may be: yo

Hub. Indeed I haue beene mer

Ar. Mercie on me:

Me thinks no body should be sad

Yet I remember, when I was in F

Yong Gentlemen would be as sad

Onely for wantonnesse: by my Ch

So I were out of prison, and kept S

I should be as merry as the day is l

And so I would be heere, but that

My Vnckle practises more harme t

He is afraid of me, and I of him:

Is it my fault, that I was Geoffrey's

No in deede is't not: and I would

I were your sonne, so you would l

Hub. If I talke to him, with hi

He will awake my mercie, which k

Therefore I will be sodaine, and d

Ar. Are you sicke Hubert? yo

Infiooth I would you were a little

That I might sit all night, and watc

I warrant I loue you more then yo

Hub. His words do take possessi

Reade heere yong Arthur. How

Turning dispiteous torture out of

I must be breefe, least resolution d

Out at mine eyes, in tender woma

Can you not reade it? Is it not fair

Ar. Too fairly Hubert, for fo

Must you with hot Irons, burne c

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Ar. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Ar. Haue you the heart? Wh

ake,

I knit my hand-kercher about you

(The best I had, a Princesse wrou

And I did neuer aske it you againe

And with my hand, at midnight h

And like the watchfull minutes, t

Still and anon cheer'd vp the heau

Saying, what lacke you? and whe

Or what good loue may I perform

Many a poore mans sonne would

And nere haue spoke a louing wo

But you, at your sicke seruice had

Nay, you may thinke my loue was

And call it cunning. Do, and if y